

## The Evening World's Kiddie Klub Korner

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Conducted by Eleanor Schorer.

### WOODLAND WONDER TALES

By Cousin Eleanor  
THANKSGIVING DAY ON THE FARM.



IT HAD been noised about among his meddlesome neighbors that the Turkey Gobbler was to be eaten. Being kind hearted, as barnyard folk go, they pitied him. Turkey Gobbler did not know why they felt sorry for him but it made him so angry that he decided to fly away. And that is what he did. All the strength and daring of his wild turkey ancestors welled up in Mr. Turkey Gobbler and away he flew to a top branch of a tall pine tree on the edge of the farm and not for anything would he come down. Farmer Crabb tried to coax him with food, but after many days of fasting and fattening pans of corn and grit, did not tempt the bird.

Get my gun," called Farmer Crabb. Young Si went for it and in his hurry fell and broke the gun. Mr. Crabb was forced to plan a different Thanksgiving dinner.

"There is a baker's dozen of young pigs in the Porky Pig's pen," Mrs. Crabb reminded her husband.

"So there be," said Farmer Crabb. "So there be."

"Oh, Daddy, I don't want pig for Thanksgiving Day dinner," Toddy complained.

"You'll take what there is to be had. The turkey has escaped and it's no real feast to have chicken so you'll eat what we have on Thanksgiving Day and it's more than likely to be suckling pig."

It was a sad day for Mrs. Porky Pig when one of her squabbling, sprawling babies was taken out of the pen, never to come back again. Before mother pig could shake off her feeding babies and scramble to her feet, Farmer Crabb had snatched up her fattest, prettiest young one, Mrs. Pig stood and glared at Farmer Crabb in a way that made all her other children wonder what the matter was. Farmer Crabb did not wonder. He knew that old mother pig was in a temper and what had caused the fury. But since he had raised Mrs. Porky Pig from a wee thing the size of the kicking, squealing creature he held tightly under his arm; since he had fattened her and all the litters of piglets that she brought to the pen, Farmer Crabb felt that they belonged to him, these little piglets, rather than to Mrs. Porky Pig, their mother. Fancy any one imagining themselves a prior right over babies who have a mother. Why there ought to be no such thought in the world. Mrs. Pig resented it in her piggy way and showed it in her glares and grunts.

Farmer Crabb heeded none of this, but turned on his heel and in a bit of temper of his own carried the pink and black piglet off to prepare him for the Thanksgiving Day table, where he was to fill the place of the runaway turkey.

"Anyway, fancy my baby playing second fiddle to that vain and haughty Turkey cock," wailed Mrs. Pig, hurt both in heart and in pride.

Farmer Crabb did not hear her say this. In fact, I doubt that he knows pigs have such thoughts. If he had understood her complaint he would most certainly have said that Mrs. Porky should have been highly flattered.

On Thanksgiving morning Mrs. Pig looked about for something to be thankful for. She thought of her missing baby. Then she counted and admired the twelve that remained and decided to be glad that Farmer Crabb had not taken two of the beauties away with him.

Dear Cousins of Mine: Only one more day to the first turkey dinner of the year. "Whoops!" you say. "What sport there will be then!"

I hope it snows. I hope the flakes come whirling down in a little flurry that will insure us that the jolly white season is here.

We had a very little snowfall last Friday. Did you see it, kiddies? Last Friday was the 24th of the month. If the old superstition comes true, we will have twenty-four snowfalls this season. Think of it; twenty-four chances to try out our bob-sleds and sledges, twenty-four snow fights, twenty-four snowmen, twenty-four sliding ponds! What a season of winter fun we will have if the superstition holds good. According to this belief, the date of the first snow foretells the number of snowfalls there will be throughout the winter. Should the white flakes show themselves for the first time on the third of the month, there will be three snowfalls. If they arrive on the fifteenth of the month, fifteen is the number of snowstorms for the year. Since the white crystals came sifting down from the gray clouds to the gray pavements last Friday, the

pride, pleasure, blessings and fun to you, dear Kiddie Klub.

With much love in my heart for my family of young Cousins, and wishing we could all be gathered around a huge Kiddie Klub fireside on this Thanksgiving Day, I am,

Your own  
COUSIN ELEANOR.

#### NOTE.

Beginning in next Saturday's Kiddie Klub Special feature there will appear five Christmas games by Mr. Frank Flynn. Mr. Flynn is a daddy with a "whole regiment" (he says) of boys and girls. Like you, they love to play games, and one evening after playing every game in their toy room at least twice they called upon their daddy to invent a new game for them.

He did and when it was finished they named it "Duck Shooting." This game with directions telling how to play it will make an attractive present to give one of your friends as a Christmas gift. Mount it on cardboard, paint it in bright colors, and you will find it very pretty and heaps of fun to play.

I am not going to tell you all about it because that would spoil the fun. Get next Saturday's Evening World and see for yourself.

The size of the game is 8 1/2 x 10 inches.

C. E.

CONTRIBUTIONS BY MEMBERS.

A LITTLE BOY'S THANKSGIVING.

ONCE there was a very wealthy little boy whose name was Peter. One day, shortly before Thanksgiving, he was telling all the other children he knew what a nice Thanksgiving he was going to

have. He thought that all there was to Thanksgiving was a dinner of duck, chicken or turkey, cakes, pies, fruits and other good things. But when Thanksgiving came I am sorry to say he did not find all the things he expected. All he found was bread and water. He wondered at this. He saw that everything was changed. When he looked out he saw that he was in a hut in a field. After the day was over he had learned that Thanksgiving is not only a day to eat goodies but a day to thank God for what he has given us.

By LUCILE M. HYSLOP, age nine, Ossining, N. Y.

THANKSGIVING FUN.

Thanksgiving is coming. It soon will be here: The birds are all humming To give it a cheer. You'll slip on ma's skirt And I'll take pa's pants. Then we'll call upon Granny And Oh! how we'll dance!

By Janina Droad, Age 11, New York City.

THE TURKEY.

My life is so very short. All year round I'm fed; Then when Thanksgiving comes I lose my head. Last night I could hardly sleep With the thought that I must die; My, but this world thinks Little of creatures like I.

By Rose Mamppe.

THANKSGIVING.

Thanksgiving will soon be here And the turkeys will appear. And cakes and nuts and all good things

That the good Thanksgiving brings. By Anna Mae O'Neil, Sloatsburg, N. Y.

A REBUS LETTER.

October Contest. Award Winner. Thirteen-Year Class.



"Those that take friendship from life, seem to take the sun from Heaven." By Hyman Rosenthal, Brooklyn.

NOVEMBER CONTEST.

Subject: "Christmas Time in Our Home."

The awards of \$1 each will be given the ten Kiddie Klub members aged from six to fifteen inclusive who write the best essays on "Christmas Time in Our Home."

The essays must not be copied and contestants must not accept help from elders.

A note from the parents or teachers of the sender saying the composition is original must accompany each essay.

Write NAME, AGE, ADDRESS and CERTIFICATE NUMBER distinctly. Address Cousin Eleanor, New York

Evening World, No. 63 Park Row, New York City.

Contest closes Wednesday, Nov. 27.

HOW TO JOIN THE KLUB.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON. Beginning with any number, cut out six of these coupons. 1,021, 1,022, 1,023, 1,024, 1,025, 1,026 and mail to Cousin Eleanor, Evening World Kiddie Klub, No. 63 Park Row, New York City, with a note in which you must give your NAME, AGE and ADDRESS. Please be careful to mention not only the city in which you live, but the borough also. All children up to sixteen years of age may become members. Each member is presented with a silver gray Klub Pin and membership certificate. COUPON 1,021.

MELLON IS DISTURBED BY DRY LAW PROBLEM

Secretary Feels Task of Ending Evil to be Impossible.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 28.—High Treasury officials have made it known that they are up against a stone wall with the question of Prohibition enforcement, following the expression of President Harding's concern at the White House last week.

Secretary Mellon believes violation of the Volstead act can never be eradicated completely, but feels that congressional action by the Federal Government may improve conditions.

Treasury officials, said Mr. Mellon, think better results could be obtained by an augmented force, but he questions whether even a very substantial increase would eradicate the evil. It is his belief that it would take an army to solve the problem.

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IF YOU ARE NOT SATISFIED THAT THE CONTENTS OF THIS PACKAGE IS OF THE HIGHEST POSSIBLE QUALITY, YOUR DEALER WILL REFUND THE PURCHASE PRICE.

Austin, Nichols & Co.  
(Incorporated)  
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## Buy Grade A Bread for Thanksgiving!

THIS year you can have better bread on your Thanksgiving table than you have ever had before—Cushman's Grade A Bread.

The turkey, the cranberry sauce, and the plum pudding will all be the best you can get. Make the meal a perfect one. Serve plenty of firm, thin slices of this fine-tasting new bread.

It's richer and creamier!  
It has a delicious, home-made flavor!  
It stays fresh longer!  
It's more thoroughly baked!  
It's better bread!

Don't be satisfied with any loaf of bread. Make your Thanksgiving dinner the best ever, down to the last detail. Insist upon the best. Remember to ask for it by name at the store tomorrow—

# Cushman's SONS INC.

## GRADE A BREAD

Sold in Large and Small Loaves at Grocery and Delicatessen Stores.

Cushman's 100% Whole Wheat Bread Whole wheat bread is the perfect health bread containing every food element necessary to support life—all the vitamins, all the nutriment of the whole wheat grain, and all the coarse roughage so essential in our modern life.

If you like whole wheat bread, you will like Cushman's better. If you think you don't like whole wheat, try Cushman's, for it tastes as much better than other whole wheat bread as Grade A tastes more delicious than other white bread.